

Correspondence Column

Congratulations Baldwin Burwell.
Dear Editor.—This week I decided to send something to our D. C. C. page. Although I haven't sent anything recently, I have been very busy lately. I read everything on the club page. The drawings and stories are excellent. I read last Sunday with great interest the stories written by several of the boys at the Staunton Institution. I think it is wonderful what talent they manifest. I hope they will contribute again soon. Our school commencement will take place Friday, June 3. Wish you could be here to attend. I want to congratulate J. Baldwin Burwell on his splendid success at the Staunton High School. Three cheers for the D. C. C. graduates. Inclosed you will find a drawing of the boys, also answers to bookkeepers' contest. I hope they are correct. I studied Sir Launfal last half session, and thought the poem was beautiful. I memorized all except general stanzas. I must close for this time. Success to the club editor and its members. Truly,
271 Byrne Street, Petersburg, Va.
ESTELLE GATES.

Promoted to Juniorship.

Helen, Central! Please give me the editor of the T. D. C. C. Hello! It is that editor. This is Evelyn Phillips. Guess you have entirely forgotten me. As I have remained away so long, well, I try and not do it again, but I have been so busy with my school closing that I have not had time for anything else. I was promoted to the Junior class and if nothing happens next week this time I'll be sending a story. I don't think that sound rather big? In our literary society at the High School three girls and myself were working for a gold medal on declamation, and on the final night who should win it but myself. My story was a peace-keeper. Well, good-bye for the present. Lovingly,
EVELYN PHILLIPS.

Glad to Have Prize Books.

Dear Editor.—I was glad to see by picture many thanks for it. It is such a nice one. I am so glad the prizes are books, for that is something you can keep. I have one of the members read "Tillie, a Mennante Maid," by Helen R. Martin, and "Alice of Old Vincennes." I am sending a story, answers to bookkeepers' contest and to puzzle. Your member,
LOUISE L. WALKER.
Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Sunday-School Anniversary.

Dear Editor.—I was glad to see my picture printed in last Sunday's paper. I hope that this one will meet with the same luck. Today is our Sunday-school anniversary. Day President Taff will review the parade from various grandstands. Your respect-fully,
WADE H. VINCENT.
1108 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Getting Ready for Exhibit.

Dear Editor.—I was very glad to see my drawing in the paper Sunday. Inclosed is another picture, which I hope to see in print. I have already one picture for the State Fair exhibit, but will not send it yet, as I expect to get up some more. Your faithful member,
LYRA V. RANSON.
Masonic Home, Va.

Summer Sports.

Dear Editor.—I was really glad to see that my name was among those who had work at the exhibition. This week I am sending a drawing entitled "Summer Sports," and a story about an old curiosity which saw at the St. John's Church Cemetery in Hampton, Va. Hoping to see my work in print I remain your true member,
EVELYN E. DYKE.
2812 Washington Avenue, Newport News, Va.

Our Sick Member.

Dear Editor.—I am so sick I can scarcely hold my pen in my hand. Yesterday I had a chill, and last night I had a hot fever. I am sending two pictures for the State Fair exhibit. When I showed them to papa he said, "The George, Willie, and Harry are improving right along. Mark for the State Fair." So I did. I was glad I had something in the conference. Could we send colored or painted pictures to the fair? I must now close, as I am so tired.
WILLIAM E. CHADWICK.
Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

Delighted With Prize.

Dear Editor.—I received my prize last Friday and I am perfectly delighted with it. I am sending a story entitled "Indian of the Southwest," which I hope will be lucky enough to escape the waste basket. I am very much pleased to see all of my drawings printed. Thanking you very much for the book, I am your little member,
LOUISE WINKLER.
Mechlenburg, county, Phillis, Va.

A Girl Who Wants a Prize.

Dear Editor.—I am sending you a story of the son of Lafayette. It is right long, but I can divide it into two parts. Dear Editor, I do so want to get a prize, but I reckon I'll have to try a long time before I get one. With love, your old member,
Clarabelle, Va. BETH M. EASLEY.

From Our V. S. D. B. Boys.

Dear Editor.—We were delighted to see our stories on the Children's Page. Leslie Cassidy and I are much pleased with our prizes. Pocketbooks are just what we like, and we send you many thanks. Edward Hawkins, Harold Lawrence, Oren Bennett and Orlin Owen send thanks for their judges. With kind regards, your friend,
RUFUS HOLT.

School Closes Tuesday.

Dear Editor.—I am trying to answer Louise Walker's hidden songs. I think they are very easy. My school will close Tuesday. Please come and see me some time. Your little member,
EMMA A. ANDERSON GARCIN.
581 East Broad Street, City.

Send Puzzles.

Dear Editor.—Inclosed you will find some names of States in figures. I hope to see them in the paper, as they were the only thing I could think of sending. Editor, I tried to go to the child's conference, but I couldn't. Your member,
PAULINE BAKER.
581 York Street, Barton Heights, Richmond.

HOW HE SAVED HIS LIFE.

Sam was an old negro living with his master, who treated him very badly, although poor old Sam was too lazy to work. That Sam could play the fiddle like a musician was considered by all who knew him, and when there was to be a dance or a wedding Sam was sure to be there.

It was to be a dance, and he dressed up in his new clothes, with his fiddle under his arm, and started off. Now, it had become very dark, for Sam took a powerful long time to dress, and besides he said he didn't care to hurry. Therefore he made a short cut, by which he had to go through a small forest to get there.

He soon heard the many sounds of the forest, and he was very much alarmed. He was alone, and he was in a small forest, and he was very much alarmed. He was alone, and he was in a small forest, and he was very much alarmed.

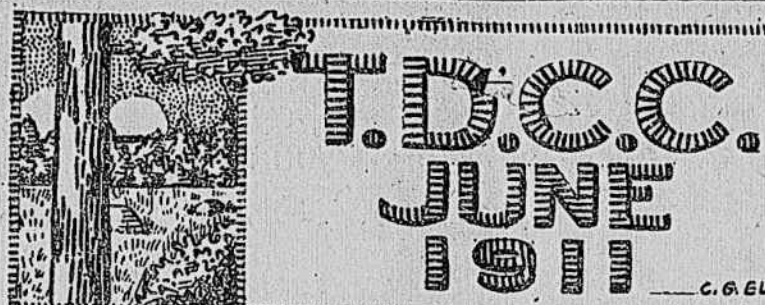
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Editorial and Literary Department

The Weekly Word

Baldwin Burwell's Honors and Evelyn Phillips' Medal—Little V. S. D. B. Members—Our Summer-time Page.

Dear Boys and Girls: Estelle Gates calls our attention to honors recently won by Baldwin Burwell at the Staunton High School. I am sure we congratulate him, every one of us. We know he deserves all the honors that the school bestows for he is not many times a prize winner and a medalist of our club? And right here we are going to ask Baldwin to remember the club and send us a piece of his best work for the State Fair exhibit next fall. We want all of our older contributors to send for that exhibit some bit that will show they haven't forgotten us, that they remember us, as we do them, with the greatest pleasure.

Another of our members has been the recipient of merited honors. Evelyn Phillips, of Chase City, having competed successfully for the declamation medal of a literary society in her school. Evelyn has one of the cleverest caricatures on "Fashions" that I have seen as yet. I am sending her a special prize, for it. And another, by way of appreciation, to Baldwin Burwell.

Our little friend Rufus Holt, of the State Institution for the Blind, has a letter which I am sure you will all read with interest. I am asking our little members of that institution to remember that they are privileged to come into the club exhibit at the autumn fair and to send me something for it.

Summer time and vacation time has come, and I hope you are all enjoying it. From now until September there is out-of-door life and fun for all. We always have a good summer page. Let us see if we can't have a better one this year than usual.

YOUR EDITOR.

STATE FAIR EXHIBIT.

Members who have sent in contributions for the State Fair exhibit are Harry and Willie E. Chadwick. Harry has sent an illustrated story, and Willie two figure drawings.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Estelle Gates, 271 Byrne Street, Petersburg, Va.
Harold Lawrence, V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.
Otis Owen, V. S. D. B., Staunton, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anthony, Blanche Penick, Elizabeth Baker, Pauline Phillips, Evelyn E. Clarke, Julia Ranson, Lyra V. Chadwick, W. E. Smith, Virginia M. Church, Omer Dyke, Evelyn B. Tignor, Helen Elder, Curtis G. Vincent, Wade H. Gorman, Emma Wells, Pansy J. B. Jr. Gates, Estelle Walker, Louise L. Holt, Rufus Winkler, V. I. Ingalls, Gladys Williamson, V. I. Lee, Annie Vinkler, Louise McNeill, James A. Whyte, Hamilton Pollard, James A. Wyatt, Marion.

INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Of late years there has been a rapidly increasing interest in the Indians of the Southwest, and most amply is this justified, for not only do we find among these people of the desert the most novel dress, manners and customs and religious ceremonies possessed of any natives of the American continent, but their skill in basketry, pottery-making and weaving is in itself sufficient to entitle them to a place among the copper-colored tribes of the continent.

A large majority of the Indians of the Southwest, without reference to their relation or place of residence, are known as Pueblos by reason of the fact that they live in permanent houses instead of dwelling in the portable tepees, which constitute the "nomadic Indian," who is ever wandering from place to place.

The Spanish conquerors centuries ago applied the name Pueblo to the natives' villages, which they found in New Mexico and Arizona, and in time the name was used to designate not only the settlement, but the people themselves. In the sixteenth century there were sixty-five of these unique Indian villages, but gradually the number has decreased until at present there are only twenty-six permanently occupied settlements, and there is no doubt that the total will be still further diminished for many years to come.

THE FACTORY WORKERS.

These are the heroes of life and its trouble. Heroes of earth with its tumult and strife. Bare of the ribbons and medals of honor. Bravely they're fighting the battle of life.

Gold cords and epaulettes do not adorn them; Smoke stacks and factories, sorrow and pain. Soon they will rise from their low place to their honor and glory again.

These are the van and the rear and the main guard, Nobles and officers only the flanks. Knowing no home but the streets or the factory. These are the heroes of life's busy ranks. HARRY CHADWICK. Care William Chadwick, National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, Va.

AN UNFAITHFUL SERVANT.

One day Mrs. Wilburn said to Mr. Wilburn, "My dear, please put an ad in the paper for a man to come and beat the carpets." "All right," said Mr. Wilburn. "Well, you must say (as I want something else besides the carpets beaten): Wanted—A man to do work

around the house. Apply at Wood-burn Lodge, New York.

Next day a great big colored man came to Mr. Wilburn's house and Mr. Wilburn came to the door.

"Is this that there house what wanted some work done?" "Yes," said Mr. Wilburn. "Did you know we wanted work done?" "Yess, sir," said Sam, the man. "I seen your ad in de paper."

"All right then, Mrs. Wilburn will show you where the carpets are, but be sure you don't leave your work."

"Yass, sir," said Sam, and went to his work.

When Sam was in the midst of working he stopped to go down to the "store" to get something to smoke. But when he came back he found that the goat had eaten and torn the carpets. So he started on a run, and I don't guess he's stopped yet. (Original.) GLADYS INGALLS. 584 Barton Avenue, Barton Heights. Aged eleven years old.

AN OLD TOMSTONE.

On the east side of the walk as you enter the main gate of old St. John's Church, Hampton, Va., there is a stone standing fast to a woman died on the 31st of November. I have seen the stone several times, and have heard several people comment on the "mistake." My school teacher first told me about it. I went to see for myself. I have told the members a little about it, but will now tell the editor and you.

The stone is very old and gray-looking, and the agents of weathering have surely been busy with it. It looks decayed, and would not attract much attention if you were not making a tour of the cemetery to read epitaphs. The following is the inscription which I found on the old stone:

"In memory of Ann Jane, wife of William Jennings; born November 2, 1787; died November 31, 1808."

Following this inscription is C. O. D., and at the bottom of the slab is written: "R. D. of Norfolk."

By EVELYN E. DYKE.

2813 Washington Ave., Newport News, Va.

THE LOST BOY.

James was a very little boy, living with his mother and father in a very large city, and as the house in which he lived had no yard, James was always wishing for a place to play in. One day James decided to run away. He soon followed the organ-grinder, which was playing very sweet music. He stopped to play and when he turned around the organ-grinder was out of sight. What was he to do? He did not know the way home, so he sat down on the curbstone and began to cry. A little dog seeing him, ran over to him and began to lick his hands and face. James put his arms around the little dog and the two sat there watching the people pass by.

And the little dog's father, a big dog and the little dog, the dog was taken home with James, and was fed, washed and given a bright new collar. The little dog was never hungry or lonesome again, for he had a nice home and a kind father.

701 N. Fourth Street, Richmond, Va.

STORY OF THE SON OF MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

There is not in French history a better and nobler man than the Marquis de Lafayette. When France was at its worst point of history, during the horrors of the Revolution, who but the Marquis de Lafayette dared to face the mobs which daily crowded the streets of Paris and pre-

RALEIGH'S COAT-OF-ARMS.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in Devonshire, England, in 1584, and died in 1618 in the Tower. He studied at Oxford, and at the age of seventeen joined a company of gentleman volunteers to assist the French Protestants in an Irish rebellion. He now became a favorite at court, it is said, because of his embroidered cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth's walk on. In 1618 he obtained a charter to colonize Virginia. After many unsuccessful efforts to colonize Roanoke Island, and his own fortune having been spent, he transferred to what is known as the London Company his rights to the land, and they, by his advice, avoided his mistakes and made their settlement at Jamestown instead of Roanoke Island.

Raleigh was a very remarkable man, a scholar, courtier, soldier, explorer, statesman and author. He won the Queen's favor by his gallantry. In the end her favor cost him dear. Elizabeth never forgave him for marrying her maid of honor, the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton.

In 1618 he held a naval command against the Earl of Essex. At the death of Elizabeth the star of Raleigh set. James I., who succeeded her, hated Raleigh bitterly. He accused him of complicity with Lord Cobham in his treason against him, and had Raleigh thrown into prison for twelve years.

During his imprisonment he devoted his time to literary and scientific work. In 1616 he obtained his release by offering to open a gold mine which he believed to exist near the Orinoko. The enterprise proved disastrous. His men attacked the Spaniards and on his return to England James had him executed to favor the Spanish court.

Spain always was his foe, because she feared him, but never a nobler man lived than Raleigh.

KATHARINE SNOW. Charlottesville, Va.

sent to them the wrong of their actions? And who but he dared show to the world the respect and love he owed to his native sovereign, Marie Antoinette? At one time, it is said, he could have made himself king, but Lafayette had better plans for his country, and had he have had the means of executing his ideas, it would have been better for France. But all things must come to an end, and so it was with Lafayette. He was finally carried to a German fortress and imprisoned for life. His wife and two daughters were sent to another prison, but Mr. Monroe, America's minister to France, feeling a sympathy for the man who had so loyally assisted the Stars and Stripes in their fight for liberty, justly brought his case to the reconsideration of the French court, and finally Lafayette was allowed to have his wife and daughters with him. His son he secretly sent to America, to be educated under General Washington. His son was named George Washington Motter de Lafayette, but he came to America under the name of Motter. He did this to disguise himself, as his father wished him to lead a secluded life. He brought with him his tutor, Monsieur Frestel. On reaching America General Washington placed him under the care of a French gentleman in New York City. But he soon found that the secluded life Motter wished for could not be found in New York, so pupil and tutor then moved to a little town in New Jersey. In its next session Congress invited him to visit Philadelphia, but this invitation he declined. Soon after this Washington invited Motter to make his home with him at Mount Vernon. This invitation he accepted, and lived in quiet with America's general until 1797, when he was called to France by the joyful news that his father was at last out of prison. He came again in 1824 with his father, and both were received with shouts in the cities of America.

BETH M. EASLEY.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Waltons were very poor. So poor that half the time they had very little to eat. They lived on a small farm, and now the 1st of June the rent was due, and they did not have any money to pay it. The man that owned the farm was a very cruel, stern old lawyer, and told them if they did not have the money by 8 o'clock that night, they would be put out the next day. The Walton family was composed of Mr. Walton, a very steady farmer; Mrs. Walton, a sweet old lady; Genevieve, a studious girl of sixteen, and Adolph, a boy of twenty-one, who wanted to go to the city and take a business course, but his father did not have the money to send him. Genevieve had asked her father in July, the year before, if she could go to college, but he told her the same. So she stayed at home and helped her mother, and studied, while Adolph helped his father on the farm.

It was about 3 o'clock, when Adolph and his father were out trying to fill up a well, which had been there some time, and was a very dangerous place. Adolph, having dropped a knife down the well the summer before, got his father to let him down in a large bucket in hopes he would find the knife.

He did not see his knife, and was starting back when he saw a large rock. He went up and moved it, thinking his knife may be under it, and what was his surprise to see a large hole in the side of the well. He put his hand in the hole and felt something hard. Drawing it out, he saw a large iron box, with the name Adolph Walton on it. He knew at once this was his grandfather, for whom he was named. He tried to raise the lid, but could not. So feeling about, he touched a secret spring, and the lid flew up, and then he saw a sight which dazzled his eyes, for right before him was a large iron box filled with gold. He quickly called his father and told him. Mr. Walton drew him up and they looked in the box again. On the side was a note, and written on it was: "To the person that finds this box, I bequeath my fortune, which is within."

Mr. Walton, knowing that his father had lived there in his old age, told his son the fortune belonged to him. The Waltons were very rich then. When the lawyer came that night they paid him, and told him they had bought a large farm near there.

In the fall Genevieve went to college, and Adolph to the city to take a business course, which he said he would take if he was rich, as it was his heart's desire.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton moved on the large farm, and there had plenty of people to work for them. So they lived in comfort and ease until the end of their days.

LOUISE L. WALKER. Barboursville, Orange county, Va.

Answers to Bookkeepers' Contest.

1. James Russell Lowell.

"My golden spurs now bring to me, And bring to me my richest mail, For to-morrow I go over land and sea In search of the holy grail."

2. Where Sir Launfal goes to sleep and dreams that he has started on his trip to hunt for the holy-grail. He crosses a drawbridge, and at the gate meets a leper who mourned and begged. Sir Launfal tossed him a piece of gold in scorn, but the leper did not touch the gold, saying:

"Better to me the poor man's crust, Better the blessing of the poor— That is a true alms which the hand can hold."

He gives nothing but worthless gold. Who gives from a sense of duty."

4. The climax is when the leper refused to take the gold Sir Launfal tossed him.

5. He is abandoned by every one.

6. To give, not through duty, but kindness.

HELEN NORWOOD. South Boston, Va.

Answer to Puzzle, Hidden Songs.

"Rainbow." "A Bird With a Broken Wing." "Pul on Your Old Gray Bonnet." "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

"My Wife's Gone to the Country." "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."

"Alice, Where Art Thou?" "Then you'll remember me."

EMMA A. GARCIN.

Puzzle Department

HIDDEN PROFILE.



Find Another Profile. Brookfield, Va. CURTIS G. ELDER.

BIRD'S NAME IN PICTURES.



The name of a bird is represented in the above picture. What is it? BLANCHE ANTHONY. Ashland, Va. R. F. D. No. 4, Box 20.

NAMES OF STATES IN FIGURES.

1.—15, 18, 5, 7, 16, 4.
2.—18, 8, 15, 4, 5; 9, 10, 12, 1, 14, 4.
3.—1, 1, 12, 9, 6, 15, 18, 14, 9, 1.
4.—1, 8, 23; 12, 5, 24, 9, 3, 15.
5.—12, 1, 18, 14, 5.
6.—22, 9, 15, 7, 9, 14, 9, 1.
7.—15, 8, 9, 15.
8.—14, 5, 23; 25, 15, 18, 11.
9.—18, 16, 21, 20, 8; 5, 1, 15, 15, 12, 9, 14.
10.—12, 1, 13, 18, 1, 3, 8, 21, 19, 5, 20, 20, 19.

Composed by PAULINE BAKER. 581 York St., Barton Heights, Richmond, Va., age ten.

GIRLS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

1.—6, 4, 9, 20, 8.
2.—9, 18, 5, 14, 5.
3.—1, 1, 14, 3, 26.
4.—13, 18, 25.
5.—6, 12, 9, 26, 1, 2, 5, 20, 5.
6.—10, 1, 14, 5.
7.—18, 21, 20, 6.
8.—8, 5, 12, 5, 14.
9.—1, 18, 15, 1, 18, 5, 20.
10.—12, 9, 12, 15, 9, 1, 11.
11.—5, 13, 13, 1.
12.—13, 9, 12, 12, 9, 5.

JULIA L. WARING. Tellington, Va. Proverb Puzzle.

27's U R.
23's U B.
1 C U R.
23's for me.

Pronounce the above letter and read them aloud. HAMILTON WHYTE. 214 W. Clay St., City.

BOYS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

1.—10, 21, 12, 9, 1, 14.
2.—20, 5, 15, 13, 1, 10.
3.—10, 15, 8, 14.
4.—18, 18, 20, 5, 21, 18.
5.—18, 1, 14, 1, 15, 12, 16, 8.
6.—8, 1, 18, 18, 26.
7.—10, 15, 5.
8.—3, 8, 1, 15, 12, 5, 10.
9.—23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13.
10.—8, 5, 14, 1, 25.
11.—15, 2, 6, 18, 20.
12.—9, 19, 1, 1, 3.

JULIA L. WARING. Tellington, Va.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

"Hidden Songs," by Louise Walker.

1. "Rainbow."
2. "Red Wing."
3. "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet."
4. "By the Light of the Silvery Moon."

5. "My Wife's Gone to the Country."
6. "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."
7. "Alice, where art thou going?"
8. "I will remember you."

"Hidden States," by Beulah Harris.

Virginia. Canada. Texas. Maine. Ohio. Iowa.

Answers to Bookkeepers' Contest.

1. James Russell Lowell.

2. The ending has two parts: each part has a prelude. The "Vision of Sir Launfal" opens with an introduction, which describes an organist musing over the keys of the instrument.

3. Part I. gives Sir Launfal's vow and his vision.

4. Sir Launfal's meeting with the leper is the climax of the first part.

5. In contrast to the June day described in prelude to Part I, the prelude to Part II pictures a December day. On the June day Sir Launfal was spoken of as a young man; on the December day he is represented as being old.

6. The old man had learned when he came back, he would not have to go away from home to be charitable and kind. The leper at his own gate was begging alms, while Sir Launfal was seeking in other countries for some one whom he could assist.

7. The ending is happy because the aged man is willing to share his wealth with mankind, and in return receive their love.

8. ESTELLE GATES. 271 Byrne St., Petersburg, Va.

Answers to Bookkeepers' Contest.

1. James Russell Lowell is the author of "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

2. The poem begins as follows: "My golden spurs now bring to me, And bring to me my richest mail. For to-morrow I go over land and sea, In search of the holy grail."

3. Part I. gives his preparations for the journey in search of the holy grail.